

The history

And there the strawy Greekes ripe for his edge
Fall downe before him like a mowers swath,
Here, there and euery where, he leaues and takes,
Dexterity so obaying appetite,
That what he will he do's, and do's so much:
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vliss.

Vliss. Oh courage, courage Princes, great Achilles,
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance,
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzy bloud,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt come to him.
Crying on Hector, Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and hee is arme'd and at it:
Roaring for Troylus, who hath done to day,
Madde and fantastique execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that lust in very spight of cunaing, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax. Troylus, thou coward Troylus. Exit.

Dio. I there, there?

Nest. So, so, we draw together. Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller shew thy face,
Know what it is to meete Achilles angry
Hector wher's Hector? I will none but Hector. Exit.

Enter Ajax. Troylus thou coward Troylus shew thy head.

Enter Diom. Troylus I say wher's Troylus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou.

Diom. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the generall thou shouldst haue my office,
Eie that correction? Troylus I say what Troylus.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traytor Diomed, turne thy false face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha art thou there?

Ajax Ile fight with him alone stand Diomed.

Diom.

of Troylus and C

Diom. He is my prize, I will not
Troy. Come both you cogging

Hect. Yea Troylus, O well fought

Enter Achil. Now do I see thee

Hect. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy curtesie
Be happy that my armes are out
My rest and negligence befriend
But thou anon shalt here of me
Till when goe seeke thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well.

I would haue beene much more
Had I expected thee, how now

Troy. Ajax hath tane Eneas
No by the flame of yonder glorie
He shall not carry him ile be tan
Or bring him off, fate here me wh
I wreake not though I end my li

Enter one in arms

Hect. Stand, stand thou Greek
No? wilt thou not. I like thy arm
Ile frush it and vnock the rivets.
But ile be maister of it, wilt thou
Why then flie on, ile hunt thee

Enter Achilles with

Come here about me you my M
Marke what I say, attend me wh
Strike not a stroke, but keepe you
And when I haue the bloody H
Empale him with your weapons
In fellest manner execut your a
Follow me firs and my proceed
It is decreed Hector the great m

Enter Therse: M

Ther. The cuck-old and the
now bull, now doggelowe, P
hen'd spartan, lowe Paris, lowe
horne's ho?

Exit